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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

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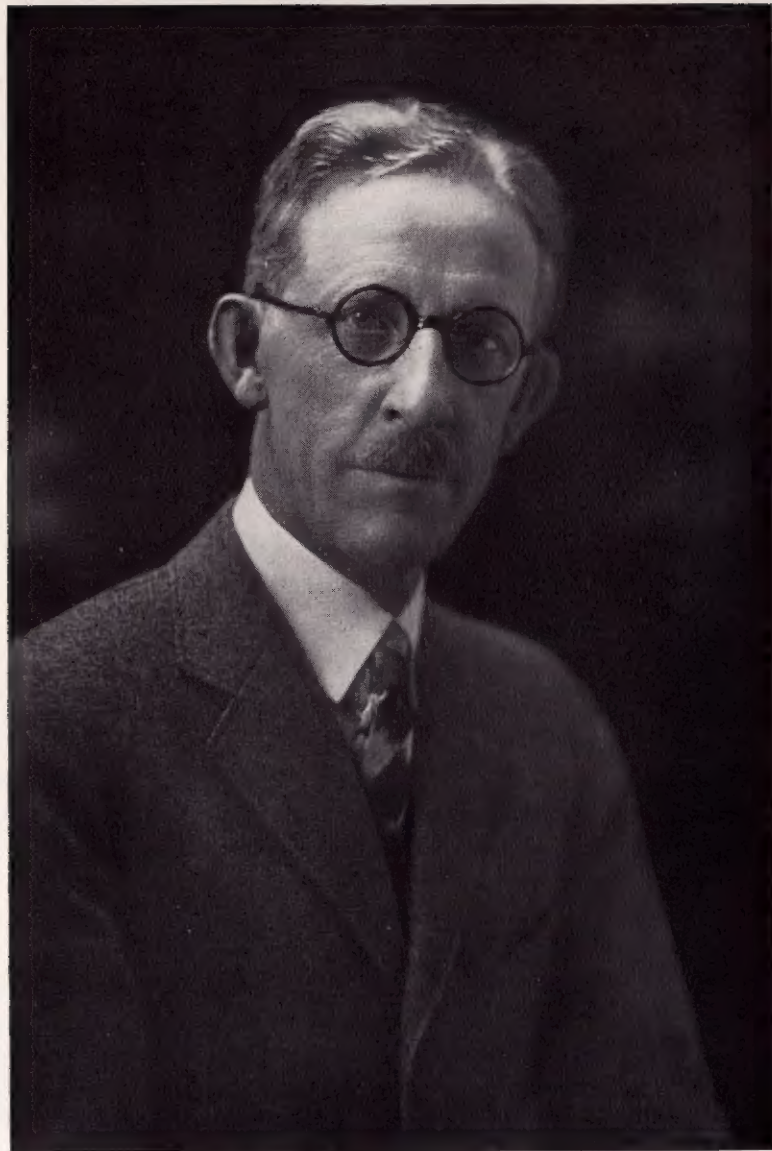
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In Memoriam



MR. CHARLES F. SMITH

Musical Director in Pittsfield Schools

1909-1938

To Mr. Charles F. Smith

A TRIBUTE

ON February 22, death came to Mr. Charles F. Smith, a man who was beloved by all of us. His sudden passing was a great loss not only to the school but to the entire city, for here was a man, who, for the most of his life, had devoted himself to the betterment of the cultural life of our community and to the appreciation of the greatest of all the arts—music.

Mr. Smith was not only a fine musician, but also a great gentleman. To all those who but knew him, he was a friend; to those of us who have worked with him, he was an inspiration. His never ending enthusiasm and his desire for perfection gave us a fine goal toward which to work.

Mr. Smith loved his work devotedly. During the years before ill health overcame him, he gave Pittsfield some of the finest musical events in its history. Among the memorable ones were "The Messiah" of Handel and "The Creation", that magnificent oratorio of Haydn. The memories of these concerts will live always in the hearts and minds of the music lovers of this community.

It is with great difficulty we pay this simple tribute to such a man. Words cannot express our deep sorrow. We are going to miss him greatly; it will be impossible to replace the personality of this lovable and kindly man. To Mr. Smith we say goodbye, but his memory will be with us always.

On the Editor's Desk



THE VOICE OF THE BERKSHIRES

By Dorothy Shelton

AT last we are famous! Pittsfield has achieved prominence! We have a broadcasting station. Simply by turning the dial on your radio you may now hear:

"You are listening to Station W.B.R.K., The Voice of the Berkshires, coming to you from Pittsfield, Massachusetts," or

"This program is being brought to you through the courtesy of Kelsey's Great Market, 76 North Street, Pittsfield,—The Berkshire Life,—The Pittsfield Electric,"—or some other local organization. Who knows, perhaps even you will be broadcasting over this station some day; and it need not be in the still hazy future either, as Huhnermann's Bakery and other concerns, are featuring programs for the sole purpose of discovering local talent.

So, Pittsfield is a great place, now. Now that we have a broadcasting studio. All too recently, even at present, to some people Pittsfield is just about the worst place imaginable in which to live and work. To get out of it is all they wish. Needless to say they are the people who have never been out of it for very long, such as high school students. There was a boy once whose one ambition upon graduation from high school was to get out of this "dump" as he called the city. And once out, he said he would never return. The place was too small-townish and narrow for him. Well, he achieved his desire and got out; he has been away for several years; and his present ambition is to come back here to settle down.

And so it is with many, they do not realize their blessings until they are in danger of losing them. There is much in Pittsfield of which to be proud. We have a fine Museum which has always been a thriving center of cultural activity. We have an adequate Public Library, three first class hospitals, countless schools, in fact, we have one of the best and newest high schools in our state. And there are many other public buildings of which we may well be proud. There is comparatively little crime in our city, and there are practically no slum districts. There are many parks and playgrounds, for children and grown-ups alike. We have an abundance of churches, a Y. M. C. A., Boys' Club, Girls' League, Women's Club, and other character building organizations which perhaps accounts for our lack of excessive crime. The people of Pittsfield are a cultural group on the whole as may be judged by the size of the audience at such things as The Community Forum lectures, The Community Concerts, The A. I. E. E. lectures, and occasional lectures sponsored by various clubs of the city.

Then we have our many theaters which bring adequate entertainment to all of us.

All in all, we should not need the appearance of a new broadcasting station to develop our pride in our city, we should have developed it already; but for those of us who are not aware that Pittsfield is a pretty good place in which to live and work, perhaps "The Voice of the Berkshires" will help them to discover it.

STUDENT OPINION

BOYCOTT JAPAN?

In my opinion, the suggestion that the United States should boycott Japan is the most fallacious buncombe that was ever conceived. The only possible excuse is the old cry of "Be a good neighbor." In answer to this excuse, let us but recall another good and noble cry that we heard a few years ago, "Make the world safe for democracy."

This boycott would do the United States much harm, for our silk industry would fade, our silk mills would either close up, putting more men out of work, or resort to much inferior grades, and the ladies (even the high school girls) would have to do without the silk stockings that have become almost a necessity.

Furthermore, the boycott would not do any real good. Japan has already obtained all the munitions and raw materials she needs from us. She is using them now. This is no time to start yelling "Boycott." We are too late. As to the other goods Japan obtains from us, she could get them from other countries.

In view of these facts we can see that the boycott would do us more harm than the Japanese; and from recent reports the Chinese do not need our help, even if we could assist them. Therefore let us mind our own business and keep out of foreign entanglements.

Edward Sullivan

WAR?

Because of the illness of Gen. John J. Pershing, his work during the World War has been reviewed in many papers and magazines. This war was only twenty years ago and yet most of the world seems to have forgotten the horrors of it. You need take but

one glance at any newspaper to verify this statement. Japan—hoodwinking its people as to the true state of affairs in China, sending thousands of young men to their deaths. In Spain it's civil war, brother against brother. All this absolute disregard of human lives to satisfy the greed of a few military dictators. Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin—the whole world watches their every move, knowing it may send millions to their graves. Here in the United States we read about but don't experience these things, protected from the scourges of these demons by our almighty CONSTITUTION. But will it last? How long will it be, before the youth of America will again have to be sacrificed "for the cause of Democracy?"

Horace A. Hubbard

NAVAL RE-ARMAMENT-PRO

The time has come when the United States must re-arm for safety! Indeed, when any foreign power grows so grossly disrespectful of American rights as has Japan lately, we should be aware of at least one fact which Japan well knows: our naval forces are totally inadequate to carry on a war, particularly if it were centered around our island possessions or Alaska. More than this, we have also taken the huge responsibility of protecting the whole of South America; and who believes we can do this with a navy whose ability to protect only our own shorelines is questionable? On the other hand, who can doubt that foreign powers, armed to the teeth and finding our nation's navy so pitifully inadequate, will not invade this rich land? Yes, but in one way can the United States be assured of safety, and that through the building of a navy second to none!

David Harawitz

(The Student Opinions continued on page 23)

QUEST

By J. Duker

JOHN ORSEY, multi-millionaire and sportsman, looked up from an imposing collection of firearms, systematically arranged in a huge mahogany case.

"Yes, Jim, that's all I need to make my collection complete—the best in the world; a silver embossed Spanish pistol. I'd give a thousand dollars for that pistol."

Jim Murphy nodded sympathetically and said, "The logical place to look for it is in Mexico or somewhere out West."

"I see your point. It's like looking for a needle in a haystack, but I'll go."

"I'll go with you—if you don't mind."

"Of course not—when shall we start?"

"I'll take a vacation Monday, that will give us a week to get ready."

"O. K. Monday it is."

* * *

Cactus Atkins, a weather beaten desert rat and gold prospector, limped dejectedly to the bar of the "Howling Coyote" saloon. Not that he was especially dejected, but his appearance in general from the top of his grizzled head to the bottom of his bowed legs and pigeon-toed feet was that of a dejected man.

"What'll it be?"

"A whole bottle."

A bystander with a huge red nose and bloodshot eyes guffawed hoarsely, "What happened, Cactus?—Dja strike it rich?"

Everyone laughed heartily; for Cactus had never struck anything—"exceptin' a match", as "Bottlenose" would have it.

Cactus smiled wanly and said, "Go on 'n laugh, boys—but if'n I had three hundred dollars for a burro, tools, and food, I'd come back here the richest man this side of the Rockies."

"Why don't you sell your silver pistol?—you'll get about a hunnerd dollars fer it."

"Mabey—I—will," said Cactus dubiously, slowly shutting his ferret-like eyes.

Scarcely had the last singsong syllable escaped from Cactus's toothless mouth, when "Gyp" Jones, the proprietor of the "Square Deal" pawnshop, waddled quickly to Cactus, a canny, eager look in his eyes.

"Here y'are, Cactus—one hunnerd dollars—a—um—with five more fer good measure," he added eagerly as he saw Cactus hesitate.

Cactus slowly drew forth a beautiful black pistol, its handle richly embossed with silver, and looked sorrowfully at the handle. Suddenly he squared his shoulders and said, "Nope—I've had this yere gun fer nigh on thirty years, an' I ain't intendin' to part with it now. I got a funny feelin' that it's gonna bring me good luck."

"Like it's been a doin' fer the last thirty years, huh, Cactus?" put in "Bottlenose".

The bystanders laughed, but Cactus heard nothing. He was already examining the contents of the bottle that the bartender had given him.

Cactus evidently was giving vent to his chagrin on the bottle. No one paid any attention to the old man except "Bottlenose" and "Gyp" Jones. The burly worthy with the luminous facial appendage and the nervous little pawnshop owner joined Cactus. One on either side of the old prospector, they talked to him on various topics, unceasingly plying him with "Arizona Redeye", a medium between wood alcohol and whiskey. Soon a strange spectacle took place! Cactus, evidently dead to the world, walked out of the saloon without even moving his legs! (Probably the fact that "Bottlenose" and "Gyp" had their arms under his armpits explains it.) Once the two partners in crime had carried their burden out of the sa-

loon, they withdrew their support, and the prospector fell with a dull thud, his face buried in the sand. "Gyp's" hand was quickly thrust into Cactus' pocket and came forth with the silver pistol. But, like all of "Gyp's" bargains, it had string attached—rather a chain; for Cactus had locked the trigger-loop with a small lock attached to a chain which was wound around his withered but sinewy body. A feverish search was made for the key, but it was nowhere to be found. "Gyp", chagrined, whined, "Whatta we goin' to do, 'Bottlenose'?"

"Nothin'," was the laconic reply.

Bottlenose gave the inert Cactus a lusty kick in the ribs, and the duo stalked off, burning with disappointment.

* * *

Two hours later, Cactus began to nod; one hour later he was hanging on a post; three hours later he was staggering down the only street of Dry Gulch. He walked into the saloon, silently took his pack which the bartender had been keeping for him, slung it over his shoulder, and made his way to the horse trough, there he plunged his throbbing head into the cool, refreshing water. He then went to the general store where he bought his provisions, and in a very short time he was trudging through the desert to look for the curse of his weary life,—gold.

An automobile sped on its way toward Dry Gulch. At the wheel sat John Orsey and by his side sat James Murphy; their search had led them to Dry Gulch. An old prospector, they had heard, had in his possession a pistol which gave promise of ending their tiresome search.

"Are you sure this is the way to Dry Gulch?"

"Quite sure."

"I think we're lost—the man said it was only ten miles from his ranch.—We've gone about twenty-five already."

Orsey was silent. Suddenly he exclaimed, "Look at that old man ahead! we'll ask him."

The old man—as you have already guessed, was Cactus. Weary, discouraged and aching

from the kick administered by the enormous boot of "Bottlenose", he was getting desperate. He turned around. He saw a cloud of dust approach in the distance.

"Mus' be n' auto. Wonder what an auto's doin' in these parts."

Cactus had once gone to Denver where he had seen an auto, but it was the first time Dry Gulch or its vicinity had been honored with the presence of a horseless carriage.

Suddenly Cactus got an idea: a man who owned an automobile was rich; a rich man travelling far from home takes along money; money was what he needed. For the first time in his life Cactus decided to commit a crime. He slowly took his silver pistol from its chain and carefully cleaned the barrel. He then inserted a bullet, and sat down in the sand to await the arrival of the car.

The car drew up. A man, probably an Easterner, leaned out.

"Say, Bud, is this the road to Dry Gulch?"

Cactus nervously fingered his pistol which was still in his pocket.

"Naw—ye've passed Dry Gulch, you go that way."

A crafty look came into Cactus's eyes. Carefully he gripped his pistol. Just as he was about to draw the pistol with his right hand, a five dollar bill was thrust into his left.

"Thanks, old timer, this is for the information."

This act of kindness took all Cactus's nerve away. He merely mumbled, "Thanks. S'long", and trudged away.

* * *

A car arrived at Dry Gulch and drew up at the "Howling Coyote" saloon, the driver, a wealthy man who had many times three hundred dollars, said, "Now, if I can only find that pistol."

Far away in the California desert an old man, withered and beaten by fate—but possessing a certain Spanish pistol, spat a stream of tobacco juice which was quickly absorbed by the dry sand and said "If'n I could only get three hundred dollars."

SINGING RADIATORS

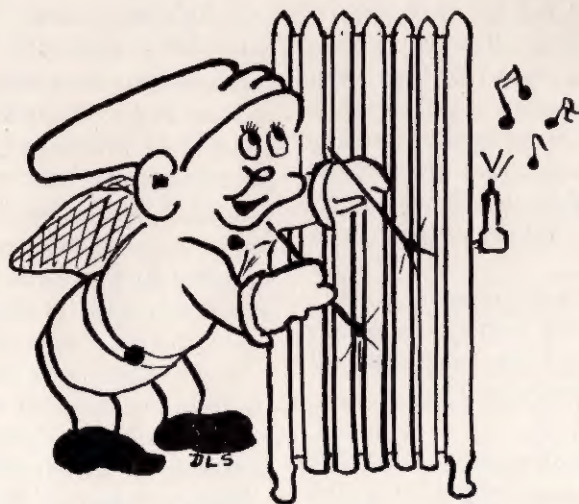
By L. McEachron

Outside the wind is howling and whistling, whirling the light, fluffy snow in blinding swirls. But inside—a cozy corner, with a big, soft chair just the right size to curl up in, a good book, a huge, juicy apple, and, to complete this picture of peaceful contentment, a cheery humming sound—the song of the radiators.

Singing radiators—how familiar are their cheerful chirpings. Since a small child, I have awakened in the morning and gone to bed at night to their staccato music.

I once thought that there were little fairies inside who sang merrily as they busied themselves with their chores. Other times they became enraged and slung their fairy hammers with all their might and main against the walls in protest at being locked up inside.

There are times when I eagerly welcome the radiator's friendly humming; times also when I can't endure their annoying metallic clanking. The radiator in the dining-room



bangs out its hoarse "good morning." Then the larger one in the living-room thumps its dry response. From the kitchen comes the feeble grunt of the radiator there. Then suddenly they all start grumbling and muttering, clanking and banging, until it seems that a hun-

dred iron pots and pans are falling about my head. That's when I hate them. On the other hand, it is a freezing, frosty morning, so cold in my bedroom that, even as I lie in the warm blankets, little shivers race up and down my back. Spine-chilling breezes, sweeping across the room, strike me square in the face. Reluctantly, I pull myself out of that cozy heaven called bed, wondering all the while if there isn't some sign of heat somewhere. Then, as if by magic, the hiss of the radiator bursts cheerily upon my consciousness and I am assured all will be warm and comfortable in a few minutes. That's when I love them.

How thankful I am that we have this delightful convenience, symbol of comfort, cheer and contentment—the radiator.



THE HERITAGE OF THE YOUNGEST CHILD

By Helen Finkelstein

TO you who had the misfortune of being the last train to puff into your station, I dedicate that which is to follow. I have often wondered (and so have you, although you have not been so foolish as to admit it, consequently delivering yourself from further ridicule) why I, of the many "might have beens" was chosen to represent our family at that national institution of "tail-enders." For such a long time have I undergone the derision of my position that I no longer am able to brood in solitary confinement. I must subject you to a recital of the causes of my mental anguish.

Not long ago, a woman, a family friend whom we had not seen in years (and I can't say that I regret it), typical of many who had preceded her, visited us. Naturally, I was the last to greet her.

"Well, so this is your baby."

I'm sure I know how a prisoner feels when the verdict is pronounced "Guilty." Guilty of what? Guilty of being the youngest, the baby.

"My, how she's grown. Why, the last time I saw her she was just a wee mite."

Please, woman, allow me to lengthen just a little in ten years.

"Isn't it a shame she hasn't the curly hair of her brother and sister? But she has her mother's eyes."

Thus from head to foot I was analyzed and not one feature or characteristic would she admit was original. There I stood, everyone examining me with renewed interest. My color mounted; my suffering soul surged with rebellion; my anger rose; my fists were clenched—but I sweetly smiled while my fifteen year old dignity was disastrously disrupted.

The subject of wearing apparel certainly keeps to the point—heritage and more

heritage. I had, in times gone by, seriously considered organizing a Y.S.U., (Younger Sisters' Union), for the purpose of staging a sit-down strike in protest against being the recipient of all cast-off garments. Of course, I love my sister and one of my greatest enjoyments in those days, was in seeing her wear and wear out (which she seldom did) her own clothes. I remember when I was very little that Mother took a notion to dressing us alike. During this period not only did I have to wear my own dress until it was outgrown, but I must also wear Carolyn's, who, much to my sorrow, always kept her clothes in perfect condition for me to raise havoc with. Then, if ever, my sit-down strike would have been useful, but alas! this effective weapon was devised too late. At last, however, I have practically outgrown Carolyn and as, at present, it is our ambition to accumulate all the clothes possible, we sometimes even exchange, or at least borrow, just for variety's sake, so that protest in this direction is past.

The final and perhaps the worst scourge is to have an intelligent brother, or at least more intelligent than you, precede you in school. A most embarrassing situation faces me when I am confronted with. "If I remember correctly, your brother was bright." Of course, to this sarcastic remark I could make an incontrovertible reply, for Tressler clearly states that to think "because Jim and Jack Jones were bright, Billy Jones will also be bright," is hasty generalization; and in my case it is very much too hasty, especially in the sciences. But this answer never enters my mind at the proper moment.

So you who had the good fortune of being among the first trains to puff into your station, I congratulate you and warn you to be thankful for your good luck.

26 LETTERS

By Samuel Johnson

LAST Christmas I received a card with the following verse on it:

"The Alphabet has twenty-six letters,
To that we'll all agree,
But here are twenty-six more
That mean much more, you see.
A Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year."

I disagree with this point of view. With these twenty-six little twists of a wrist, you can convey millions of ideas from—"I hate you" to "I love you" and "Down with Radicals." (I mean in Algebra, as well as Politics.)

A, E, I, O, U are the aristocrats of the Alphabet. The last three of these, I, O, U, are, however, unrecognizable as members of the social register. Most of the remainder of the alphabet are members of the middle class and have average personalities. But there are a few exceptions just as there are to every rule. Take Q, for instance, a quiet, quaint, quaking symbol, and a very timid one to be sure. It's afraid to appear in public without U.

X, Y, Z, are the unknown characters of our little world. We are still trying to find out their true values. Centuries ago they were as honorable as any, but some cad invented

algebra and insisted that they be the unknowns. From that day to this, they have been hounded unceasingly.

We are indebted to these twenty-six symbols in more than one way. Think of our soup companies. Where would they be without the Alphabet? Or our food experts, without Vitamins A, B, C, X, Y, Z?

But in another way, I'm sorry, really sorry, that we have the Alphabet. For, without it, I wouldn't have to worry about my report card with its D's and F's.

Can you picture the present administration without the Alphabet? N.R.A., C.I.O.,

(Continued on page 23)

MY LIFE FOR HIM

By Dorothy Shelton

When on my weary head
The balm of death is placed,
And all worldly cares and sorrows
Are from my heart erased,

When my lagging footsteps
The earth can feel no more;
When my gnarled and care-worn hands
Have done their last small chore,

Then may I meet my Master
With a smile that still is young
And with the knowledge in my heart
Of all my work well done.

Knowing that while on this earth
I did the things He asked;
I worked for Him, I prayed to Him,
I did each simple task.

I lived my life as He would wish
In love and loyalty
And all I asked as my reward
Was that He smile on me.

CHINESE SERENADE

By Isabelle C. Sayles

If I were but a young bamboo
I'd spend my life in serving you—
My stem a deep majestic flute,
My heart a sweet-toned silver fife;
Both should sing my love for you
Throughout your life.
But, Kwan Yin willing, my tip should be
The stem of a brush divine,
That I—in your embrace—might write
These lovely dreams of yours and mine.

THE PLEA OF A PUP

By Rosemary Sclater

I'm only just a tiny pup
What's locked up in a shop
I ain't never won no cup
'Cause my ears—they flop!

Won't someone come and take me
From this dingy cage?
I'll be as good as can be
And try to act my age.

I'm six months old this very day
I'm getting awful sad
So get me out and let me play
And I'll be awful glad.

Oh, mister, have you heard me yet?
You have! Well, name me Skipper,
And I'll prove that I'm the cutest pet
That ever chewed a slipper!

HAVE YOU WON A LETTER?

By Margaret Fake

This matter of letters is driving me mad,
For winning and wearing them is quite
a fad.

Letters for basketball, baseball, and band,
Football, volleyball, archery, and
Hockey, STUDENT'S PEN, swimming, and
track;

Letters enough to wear front and back
Letters for everything under the sun,
Some to be fought for, some easily won,
Does a jury award them or is it a judge
That they're handed around like so
much chocolate fudge?

Some students excel in their A's, B's, and
C's,
Why not reward them with big purple
P's?

SILENCE

By Patience Snow

If you stand very still in the heart of the
woods,
You will hear many wonderful things;
The snap of a twig—the wind in the
trees,
And the whirr of invisible wings.

If you stand very still in the turmoil of
life,
And you wait for the voice from with-
in,
You'll be led down the way of wisdom and
peace
From a mad world of chaos and din.

If you stand very still and hold to your
faith,
You will get all the help that you ask.
You will draw from silence the things
that you need
And strength for every task.

KNITTING

By Mary E. Farrell

Knit, knit, knit
A pretty dress begun
Work, work, work
Oh, my it is such fun.

Purl, purl, purl
I've done another row
Click, click, click
How fast my needles go.

Knit, knit, knit
My dress is growing fast
Purl, purl, purl
Hurrah, 'tis done at last.

MY STORY OR THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

By Rosemary Sclater

THE Sleeping Beauty's name was really Geraldine, but nobody knows it except you and me, and you must never tell. One day Geraldine got awfully fed up with all the three thousand rooms in the castle, so she ran upstairs, 'way up, and there in an old mess of cobwebs was an old woman spinning a pair of pink and purple bedsocks.

"Oh," said Geraldine, "do let me play." So she sat down and began to spin like mad. And then the needle broke and Geraldine pricked her finger. What do you know about that? Besides that, nobody had ever told her she was five drops anemic—and so all that can be said was that she fell over in a dead faint. The old witch (for that's what the old meanie was) got out her broomstick and flew away out in the blue, blue sky, and home to Hitler.

And as she did it—what do you think happened? Your guess isn't quite so good as mine because this is my story, but I'll tell you. Everything in the castle went to sleep. All the cooks and all the maids. The nine chauffeurs who were indulging in a none too innocent game of cards in the laundry, yes, right in the middle, they went to sleep! You don't believe me, but honestly it's true. And then the most terrific bramble bushes grew over the palace, and it just looked like any old tree. And furthermore, there had been three of the most beautiful P. H. S. boys standing on the front porch. They'd been awfully shy about ringing—and finally when they'd got their courage up—this awful sleep overcame them. Poor dears.

Well, a hundred years passed, and the bushes were the thickest things you ever saw.

Then came the beautiful month of May. Prince Charming came to rescue the Princess because he heard she was ravishingly beautiful. So he galloped through the town with his spurs clinking, and then he took out his

little sword and went slash, slash, right through those prickly old bushes. He just ran through the castle and all at once everything woke up again. And then he rushed up the stairs, went into just the right room, and there was—the Sleeping Beauty! It was too exciting for words. He was just as thrilled as he could be. She was beautiful and sweet, and he told her right there that he loved her, just as quick as that. She didn't mind at all. The king and queen thought the match was simply grand. The king had been a P. H. S. boy, then a Williams man, and so had the Prince. They got along famously, they really did.

So Sleepy Geraldine and Mr. Prince were married and lived happily ever after. And no more nasty old witches ever came into their castle again on account of because this wise couple used Flit every morning. (Didn't you know witches hate Flit? Well, they do.)

A DREAM

By Rosemary Sclater

*I walk on streets of jasper,
I gaze on walls of gold,
I see the gem-set helmets
Of knights from days of old,
My heart like hammers pounding—
My ears hear trumpets' blast,
I reach the realms of silver
Desire attained at last.
Oh, waving plumes, and roaming steeds,
Fair damsels dressed in lace,
Shining fields you travel o'er
In this celestial place,
Then lights from brightness start to fade,
Gay pennants then are furled,
For I arise, with blinded eyes,
To a drab and weary world.*

MEMORIES

By Virginia Lehman

AS I sit in my favorite arm chair dozing by the fire, memories of my little canine playmate come to me through the vivid yellow glow of the flames from the snapping fire on the hearth. Memories only—for now Prince has been transported from this seemingly heartless and unjust world in which the good may labor and worry throughout their whole life, yet find nothing but sorrow and disillusion in the end; where the shirkers enjoy the fruits of the toiler's work and seem to profit from life unjustly; where the seeds of discord among mankind seem much too obvious;—to a place where the multi-colored flowers bloom; where there is friendliness and warmth; where there is ample room for those who rightfully seek the higher things which may have been denied them previously, where there is absolutely no place for those who rest their burdens on others' shoulders. What a Heaven that must be!

Many were the nights in the dusky-hued autumn that we used to stroll together down the winding paths with the soft crinkle of leaves beneath our feet. Here and there, escaping through the treetops, little moonbeams played upon the quivering leaves, bringing out in true beauty the smoky tones which Nature had endowed them with. Now walking slowly, we reminisced, forgetting the universe and its inhabitants, alone in a world created by our fancy; now, skipping and running along, we investigated little by-paths and nooks, refreshing ourselves with the pure crystal air of the higher altitudes. Such feelings of joy, exaltation, freedom, and light-heartedness which I then experienced will never be forgotten.

I can still hear the patter of his little feet behind me, for he never let me out of his sight, never left me alone. I can still see him as he used to sit on his own little rug, gleefully pulling the bright fringe to shreds or shaking

the corners with all the strength there was in that small frame. I can still remember how he used to rush after his white ball, bumping into furniture, knocking stands over, always clumsy and in a frenzy. I can still recall how he used to curl up on my bed at night, with an expression of "I know I shouldn't be here, but I'll stay as long as I possibly can." Then, when Father would come to take him to his own box, he used to bury his nose deep in the covers and regard him with such mournful and pleading eyes that our own better judgment was almost overcome. Sharp pangs of sorrow go through me as I continue to think of him.

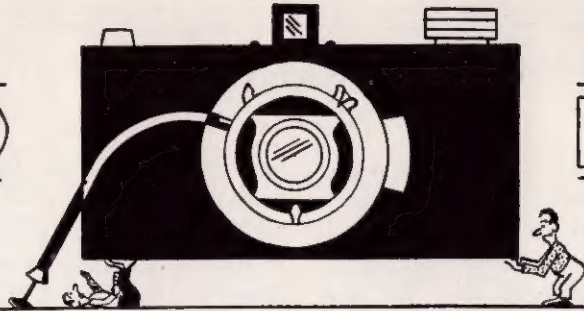
How difficult it is to express adequately the lovable little habits and expressions of this companionable pet which was so hastily seized from me! No one, it seems, could describe with full justice his intelligent face, with the long, narrow nose characteristic of a fine collie; or his twinkling bright eyes, or the cock of his soft ears; or the expressions of dejection or high-spiritedness which were so obviously revealed by the motions of his long tan tail with the tiny white tip. My greatest pleasure comes from the remembrance of all these, expressed much better by human emotions than by one's skill with the pen.

SYMPHONY IN FALL

By G. E. Theboda

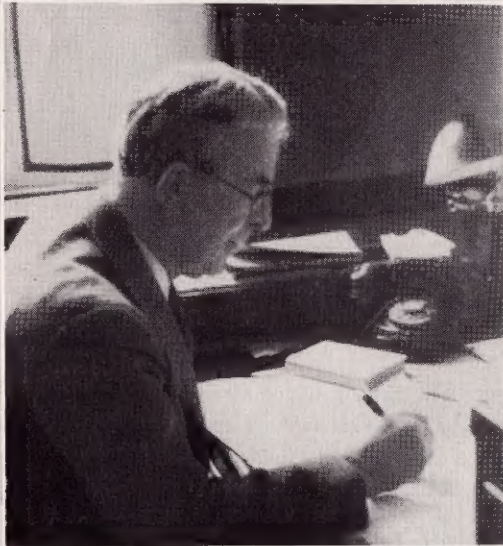
*The babbling brook's a sweet-toned harp,
The rippling rill's a cello,
The music of the falling leaves—
A song so soft and mellow.
The melody of raindrops
Will add to Nature's call;
The whining wind's a violin—
A symphony in Fall.*

CANDID



CAMERA

RAY



The Candid Camera

FIRST MATE

We have often wondered why Mr. Ford always seems to be going somewhere. Now we know,—he likes to walk. And then too, his duties as First Mate on this luxury liner, P. H. S., keep him pretty busy. He is also a devout football and baseball fan. No wonder we all like him. A man of simple tastes, he is fond of the color gray, (could it be because baseball suits are gray?) flowers, and his work. Besides being our Vice Principal, Mr. Ford heads the Commercial Department, and gives advice to—well, to anyone looking for some. He also is a safe port in the storm to many a bewildered Sophomore.

AVIATOR

Here is one teacher who can literally "take you for a ride" in more ways than one, for Mr. Arthur P. Goodwin not only can drive a car, but also fly an airplane, having served in the air force during the World War. (However he assured us that he has not flown since). Although he is very fond of airplanes he does not care to see them flying around the class room. He does not like inattentive pupils. He is at present engaged in "squelching" sophomores, more sophomores, and still more sophomores by pouring Geometry on their heads. In case you haven't guessed it (those of you who have seen him gesticulating) he is also a good actor.

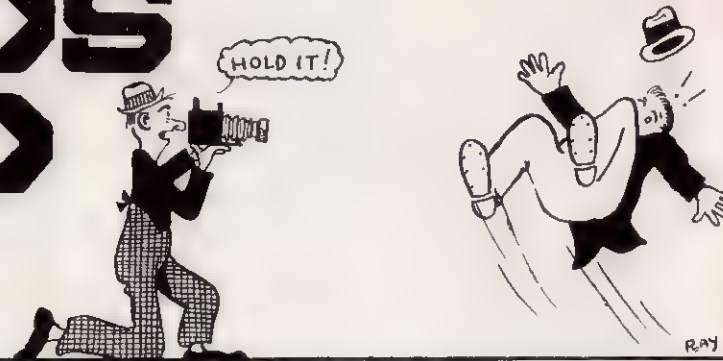
LATIN TEACHER

It would appear that Miss Dorothy Rhoades is teaching class, but that book she has is probably upside down, and our Candid Camera (?) photographer is probably saying "hold it," while one solitary pupil, Miss Frances Murphy looks on. And thus do we obtain a picture of this lover of French chocolate, (Is that fair to Caesar, Miss Rhoades?) skirts and sweaters, and Latin. The times she has been mistaken for a pupil are countless, yet knowing that she is a teacher doesn't seem to frighten some people. But she is so full of fun and sparkle that she couldn't frighten anyone. (Outside of class, we mean.)

PIE-EATER

If some enterprising P. H. S. student would only invent an automatic chalk-dust remover so that Mr. Milton Herrick would not have to send his suit to the cleaners every week, he will reward them with a bite of his apple pie a la mode—providing, of course, that some one donates the pie a la mode. (Come on, girls!) This popular class adviser is at present advising the Senior B Class, and doing his usual excellent job. As a side line he teaches Algebra, plays hand-ball, and does a little,—very little,—skiing. Besides apple pie a la mode Mr. Herrick likes Vermont maple sugar, and sleeping. (Don't we all!)

WHO'S WHO



And Why

By Meriel Van Buren

VICE PRESIDENT

An athletic young man is Charles Downey, vice president of the Junior A class. Tall, blond, with a sense of humor, Chuck likes skiing, major league baseball games, and the rhythm of Sammy Kay's orchestra. Candy does not tempt him. Neither do physics problems and the walk to third floor three times a day. However, we think it will keep him in training, so that he may realize his ambition of beating Drury next year in football.

POETESS

Our Isabelle Sayles is one of those extremely lucky persons who can sit down, dash off a poem, and win widespread recognition for it. She also uses her pen as secretary of Dramatic Club. Isabelle likes coffee frosts, bright colors (especially in loud socks), and keeping on the move twenty-four hours a day. She admits a distaste for chemistry, tomato soup, and routine. Her aim is to prove to herself that she really is as good as people seem to think she is.

GENIUSES

"Geniuses" is the word, and you're not seeing double. Friend and Henry Kierstead are the ones who confuse the readers of the puzzle column each month. Friend enjoys German, candy, and cheerleading. He groans at the thought of homework and cafeteria food. His modest ambition is to graduate. Henry is content merely to eat, sleep, and argue with his brother. He, too, dislikes homework, Mr. McMahon's tests, and winter. His secret ambition is to discover a way to unscramble eggs.

SWIMMER

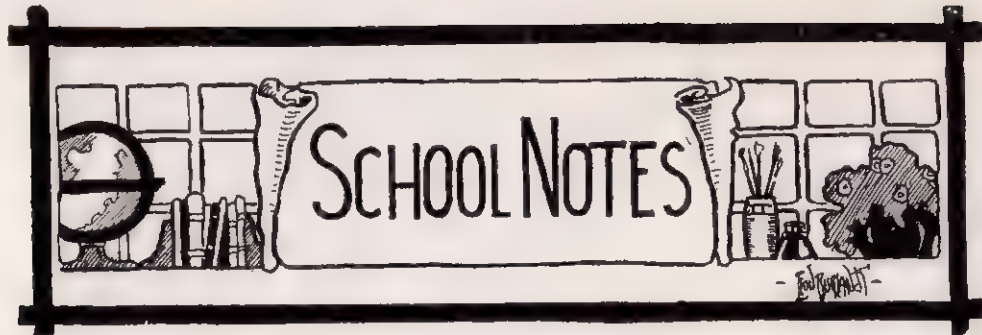
Splash! Stroke, stroke. The winner! Who is it? None other than our smiling captain of P. H. S. Varsity Swimming team—Corinne Duval, who is just as charming as her name. Her brilliant swimming and her leadership brought us a double victory over St. Joe this past season. Although swimming is her favorite hobby, Corinne has a yen for apples and chemistry. (Or is it the teacher?) Her ambition is to be a swimming instructor some day. More power to you, Corinne!

CLASS PRESIDENT

Short, muscular, black-haired, dark-eyed—that's Ralph Renzi, president of the Junior A class. Ralph takes eating and sports seriously. He is also an ardent admirer of Charlie McCarthy. (Aren't we all?) Algebra, however, gives him many a headache. He also dislikes having anyone rest his arm on his shoulder while talking to him. (All offenders take notice!) In the future, Ralph hopes to captain an All-Western Eleven. We predict great things for this lad.

CLUB PRESIDENT

Presenting Jane Bevan, president of the newly formed Motion Picture Club. Don't let this business-like looking young lady fool you; she's just full of laughs and good fun underneath. Jane likes books, people, and burning up gas. Conceited fellows bore her. She also has a keen dislike for baked beans and getting up in the morning. The color of her hair is much disputed, but we must admit it's pretty. Her ambition is to have some of the dignity, and all of the red hair she's supposed to have.



MINUTE INTERVIEWS

HOW DID YOU LIKE VACATION?

- Dorothy Shelton—"The more, the merrier!"
 Thurlow Pruyne—"It's delovely."
 George Adams—"I slept most of the time; I didn't know what was going on."
 Theresa Dunn—"Don't ask me."
 Bob Sykes—"I liked it very much."
 Barbara Weeks—"Oh, was that what it was?"
 Roddie Jones—"Short and sweet."
 Judy Ziemba—"Best ever."
 Bud Weeks—"Oh, it was all right."
 Edith Leipe—"There wasn't enough snow but it could be worse, (much worse)."
 David Sweeney—"A swell week to do nothing."
 Clare A. Moynihan—"Just perfect (except a week to recuperate from it would come in handy)."
 Dick Hanley—"My thoughts aren't for publication."
 "Mickey" Rauscher—"Week's vacation big success—here's for more and longer vacations!"
 Art McGill—"It was swell with the exception of one thing—the thought of coming back."
 "Dot" Johnson—"It was O. K. but lacked one thing—and that's telling."
 Beatrice Ritchie—"Too short to appreciate."
 Bette Knight—"Nothing."
 Elizabeth Hearn—"Nice what there was of it."
 Cecile Bissailion—"Swell week to forget everything you knew."
 Robert Moore—"Just ducky."
 Lorraine Dakin—"Much needed rest."
 David Strout—"Not enough snow."

Billy Temple—"Nice time to use the old man's gas."

Jack Talbot—"To me a week of school seems twice as long as a week of vacation."

Helen Finkelstein—"Not enough of it."

HERE AND THERE

Idea for study halls—why not install movies or something to occupy the minds (?) of the students? It's really a shame the way some are so bored that they can't keep awake.

The band, orchestra, and all music classes will not meet until further notice, when a suitable plan for continuing Mr. Smith's fine work will have been found.

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Leahy are the parents of a son born Sunday, February 27, at St. Luke's Hospital. It's too bad that Prof. Leahy's pupils don't smoke cigars.

The vacation during February gave us an opportunity to catch up on nothing. The blizzard came at the wrong time, however. Let's rise up in arms against Mr. Weather Man!

Remember how cold it was on that Monday, the last day of February? March's incoming lion was a little ahead of schedule. Anyway, it must have been fun for Dot Collins and Jean Daniels, who had just returned from Bermuda.

Definition of a dumb-bell:—A person who thinks Napoleon was a horse.

Every so often the radiator in Miss Nagel's room acts up and a terrible knocking sound ensues. This item is just to assure some timid souls that Miss Nagel is not concealing an expert tap dancer in her room.

Miss Millet has promised her French classes a French moving picture which will (?)

last 80 minutes. It is about a lottery ticket which is bought and lost, etc. (It is probably the winning ticket in the end.)

Referring to an article in October's "Here and There"—the dogs are dead (almost)—and now horrible spiders, beetles, and other creepy insects grace the lapels of the feminine students. Next things to expect are ants or enlarged germs.

At a meeting January 20, the Junior A class decided to pay monthly dues of twenty-five cents. This money is to be collected by the Class Treasurer, Jane Hanley. Mr. Geary, the class adviser, announced that the Junior Prom would take place on the twentieth of May, and that at the next meeting candidates for the chairman of this event would be nominated.

At a meeting of the Senior B Class held last month Joseph Mogovena was elected Chairman of the Ring Committee. He has chosen the following committee to assist him in the selection of the finest senior ring yet to be seen:

Bernice Viale, Carlo Sacchetti, Allen Lasher, David Wade, Jean Burness, Bertha Kieler.

SENIOR A ELECTION

On February 10, 1938 the Senior A class reelected their class officers to sail the ship of state during their last days at P. H. S.

Captain	Edward Callahan
First Mate	Donald Shepardson
Log-Keeper	Alice Piccini
Purser	Elizabeth Hearn

SENIOR A RING ORDERS

Early in February the first ring order for the Senior A class arrived. On the whole, the rings proved very satisfactory. The second ring order was taken almost immediately after under the supervision of Lester Brown, chairman of the ring committee.

Elizabeth Hearn, the attractive Senior A class treasurer, has been selected by the

faculty from the three girls elected by the class to be a possible delegate to the Daughters of the American Revolution convention in Washington, D. C. this spring. Her name will be sent to Boston as will a girl's name from each high school in the state. In Boston, a name will be selected and that lucky girl will spend a week in the nation's capital as the delegate from Massachusetts. So, come on everybody, keep your fingers crossed for Elizabeth!

SENIOR B ELECTIONS

The Senior B class unanimously reelected the following class officers:

President	Neil Connelly
Vice President	Joseph Miszczak
Secretary	Zita Porro
Treasurer	Nannette Goetze

Nellie Spasyk has been chosen chairman of the Senior B Good Will Committee. Her assistants are Jennie Naprava and Marion Murphy.

SENIOR A PLAY COMMITTEE CHOSEN

At a meeting held on Friday, March 4, Hugh Toomey was elected chairman of the Senior A Play Committee. He has chosen the following as his assistants:

Bruce Malcolm	—stage
Abbott Robinson	—publicity
Irma Miller	—ushers
Louis Miller	—tickets
Miss Elizabeth Enright	of the Commercial Department has been chosen to act as coach.

SENIOR HI-Y NEWS

Several meetings of the Senior Hi-Y have been devoted to discussions on the conduct of the Hi-Y members in the school. It had been brought to the attention of the club that some of the Hi-Y members have become a little too lax in their attitude toward their subjects and toward the general rules of the school, all of which is entirely against the Hi-Y platform. It was felt that we should do our best to remedy this condition.

It has been decided that the roster of the club should be increased from fifteen to twenty-five members. Each candidate has been discussed as to his character and general ability, and at our next meeting the election will take place. All candidates before becoming members are to be checked and passed by the school office.

JUNIOR NOTES

A meeting of the June class of 1939 was held in the auditorium on February 17, 1938.

At the meeting nominations were in order for the Chairmanship of the Junior Prom. The following boys were nominated to be candidates:

Michael Cancilla, Paul Andrew, Richard Hanley, David Sweeney.

The chairman will be elected at the next meeting.

The Junior A's on Thursday, March 3, elected Paul Andrew as Chairman of the Junior Prom. The juniors promise us a Junior Prom that will be bigger and better than any which has gone before. Best of luck, Paul!

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Practice has begun on the annual girls' gym exhibition to be held in April. Observing the way we all know our parts, I suggest a big dose of chloroform that will last until long after the exhibition. My only hope is that it will be half the success Miss Ward and Miss McLaughlin anticipate.

The lil Sophs haven't such a knack of chewing gum as have the upper classmen. In several classes illustrious 10-A's were forced to part with their shoeleather, but you can't keep a good man—or a good fad—down. It's still Present Pastime of spectators and players at the basketball games. More power to you, Juicy Fruit!

At the basketball games—it's fun to watch everybody hold his breath for five minutes during the last minute of play, waiting for the gun to go off. Nevertheless, everybody jumps three feet and cries of "Don't shoot;

I'm innocent!" fill the air when the thing goes off. How do the players stand it?

What is the attraction that is drawing the male contingent of the January graduating class back to our halls of learning? Could it be "us Sophs"?

The recent movie, "Batter Up!", was greatly enjoyed and appreciated by the sophomores. Besides being an excuse to get out of the sixth period, it offered us all a chance to brush up on our baseball. But I never thought there were so many Sophs . . . or were there????

THE MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The club has continued its plan of studying one picture a month. Members attended "Tovarich", starring Charles Boyer and Claudette Colbert, and gave reports on the plot and various characters in the picture.

At the last meeting in January the club had the privilege of hearing a very interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Edward Dowling on the history of the production and distribution of motion pictures from the early Biograph days to the present Paramount pictures.

Early in this semester the officers were elected as follows: President, Jane Bevan; Vice President, Barbara Hanley; Secretary, Jack Duker; Treasurer, Beatrice Ritchie; Librarian, Augusta Smith; Chairman of the Program Committee, Evelyn Palme.

The "Buccaneer" featuring Frederic March and Franciska Gaal, was attended on February 15 and afforded opportunity for reports on the War of 1812, the authenticity of the picture, the plot of the story, a study of customs and costumes, and various character studies.

DRAMATIC CLUB

Mr. Edward McKenna of the English department discussed three current Broadway plays at a recent meeting of the Dramatic Club. This meeting was arranged by the bimonthly entertainment committee.

An interesting program was later presented on February 17, designed to acquaint

the members with the various interpretations attached to expressing certain dramatic key words.

The club also voted to change the meeting from Wednesday to Thursday.

The play "Bashful Bobby," in which the new members are taking part, is scheduled for presentation in the latter part of March. The student body and faculty are cordially invited to attend.

DEBATING CLUB

The most important business confronting the Debating Club at the beginning of this semester was that of choosing teams for the annual Berkshire County debate, to be held Friday, April 15. The selection was made as follows: Affirmative, Hugh Toomey, Jack Duker, Bernard Williams, and Edward Sullivan, alternate; negative, Herbert Boyajian, Henry Kierstead, George Merritt, and George Walsh, alternate.

The subject for debate this year is "Resolved, That Unicameral Legislature Be Adopted."

The affirmative team will debate against Williams High School of Stockbridge in the Pittsfield High School Auditorium, and the negative team will oppose Lenox High School at Lenox.

Edward J. McKenna, adviser to the Debating Club and member of the English department, will coach the negative team. The affirmative team will be coached by James A. McKenna of the Commercial department.

26 LETTERS

(Continued from page 12)

A.F. of L., W.P.A., P.W.A., A.A.A., F.H.A., C.C.C., H.O.L.C., and G-men would not exist.

Geometry would be easier without angles A, B, C, to be proved equal to X, Y, Z. And then there wouldn't be the ASA, SAS, and SAA to use. And what about the poor chemist without symbols?

Oh well! We have the Alphabet, so why worry?

STUDENT OPINION

(Continued from page 7)

NAVAL REARMAMENT

Prominent naval men have said that, should our seaboard be attacked by so strong an enemy as Italy, Germany, or Japan, we could not protect ourselves with a navy three times the size of the proposed one. Our chief hope, then, is to keep friendly relations with other countries.

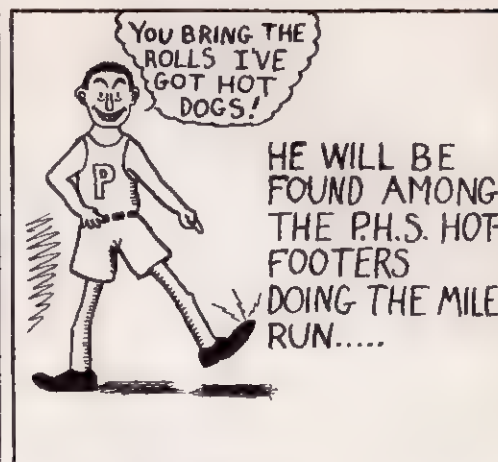
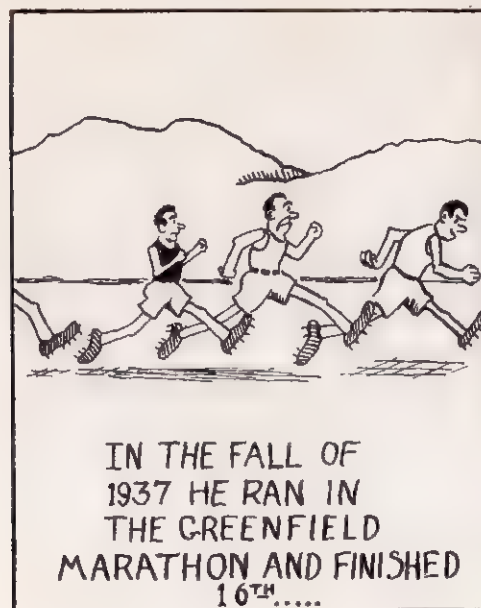
Let us not be fooled by the cry of "arming for peace". Let the wise say, "We've heard that before." The fact that such a liberty-loving and peace-minded people as America are arming will surely tend to promote ill-will and distrust abroad. The armament plea may be just a "threat and bluff" policy, a stand taken by United States and England when Italy invaded Ethiopia. Italy knew when we sent out our protestations, we would have to "back down", so she went ahead with her conquest. Besides, who has said that our present navy is inefficient for a peacetime protective measure such as will promote world harmony?

N. L.

BOYCOTT JAPAN?—PRO

Should there be an embargo on Japan? The answer is definitely "Yes!" I see positively no reason for the Americans aiding Japan in their brutal attack against the Chinese. But that is just what they are doing when they continue to send tons of scrap iron to Japan to be made into bullets and other ammunitions, which are then in turn used on the helpless Chinese. Although some feel that this would affect the imports from Japan, this is open to question. It is evident that the Japanese need a market for their goods, probably more so during a war; hence, why should they cease trading with America? But, even though they should retaliate, I do not believe that it would cause a great deal of trouble since our only import is silk, and we can get along without that.

S. E. K.



HUGO

-VICTOREEN WILL RATE AMONG THE BEST OF THE P.H.S. TRACKSTERS THIS SPRING..... HE SHOULD PROVE INDISPENSABLE TO SOME COLLEGE TRACK TEAM.....



SPORTS PARADE

Robert C. Moore

For quite a while this season it looked as if our team was going to have a little competition in its race for the County Championship. Now it seems that there isn't any race at all as far as we are concerned. We're out. To us our team seems the best, but the rest of the league rates it third best. It's a dreadful mistake, but what can we do? Well, we could take one last look at our most capable performers and retire for the winter.

Stew Leslie: A clever dribbler, good shot, and thoroughly unsensational . . . Les Brown: Eagle-eyed, indispensable to the team . . . Nick Daligian: A useful, steady guard whose points scored are a closely kept secret . . . Louis Sibbio: A reserve during the first half but lately an earnest, capable player with a good eye.

Long has the Purple and White sought the Armory. This year four games brought larger crowds by being played there. We thank the Armory for its helpful cooperation.

More power to that daring referee who appeared in a striped shirt and took the applause; to Rusty Maddocks who went in for three minutes in the Berkshire game and spent two of them in the penalty box; to that interested fan who mistook J. V. for J. B. and inquired if it meant just Before the Game; to Goalie Langley who had three goals against him in his first four games and then

was astounded to see fourteen pass in the next three.

Harassed for three quarters by Bennington in a sing-song, see-saw battle, Pittsfield pulled itself together and claimed a 29-23 victory . . . In the dim lights of the Armory Pittsfield outplayed, outfouled, and succeeded in clawing St. Joe 31-24 in a thrilling opener to their city series. The main feature of the game was the nonsensical calling of forty-two personal fouls and the sharp-shooting subbing of Louis Sibbio . . . Two nights later P.H.S. downed its Public Enemy No. 1, clever attacking, hard losing Drury 28-13. With the score once 3-5 and again 20-5 it tells the story of a revengeful vindication of the magic bell . . . At one time ahead 21-2 and again 41-9, Pittsfield was never hurried or worried in its capable 55-21 trouncing of St. Joe (N. A.). Featured by Stew Leslie's clever dribbling and Les Brown's 22 points it was a field day well appreciated by Pittsfield fans . . . Noticeably missing were Hagstrom and Calautti, Pittsfield blew a good lead, but was forced to stand off a rally in the closing minutes to beat Williamstown 36-33 in one of the most thrilling home games . . . Fighting desperately in that super-tense atmosphere of the North Adams Armory Pittsfield lost 38-17 and thereby lost the Championship to Drury. Brown left early after a mixup with Mason and Cap Leslie and the rest did their best to carry on without him . . . Closer than

8.45 Pittsfield argued with Dalton and then climbed out on top 27-26 with Brown getting 16 points and Leslie covering Dalton's Boraski so well that he himself didn't score . . . Concentrated on a small floor Pittsfield detonated and swamped Lee High in a non-League game with Les Brown getting 28 points.

FORGOTTEN MEN BUT TRUE

Robert C. Moore

There was a rumor floating around this winter that Pittsfield High had a hockey team. From time to time various scores circulated—presumably theirs. But these were merely rumors. This observer *could* remember that, when letters were being given out last summer, a few had come forward as hockey claimants and that Coach Carmody had mentioned this winter the fact that the hockey team had new suits . . . Nothing was certain, however.

Being curious as to what use these new suits had been put I wandered down to the Country Club one afternoon to see. It was astounding. Maybe it was the suits, maybe the fact that a lone Pittsfield fan was there but our boys downed the Country Club 3-2. It took two overtimes and a sudden death period but Bill Walters drove the puck home on a dash from his own blue line.

This was interesting. What else had they done? An investigation was begun immediately. In their first game with their suits still at the factory, our team subdued the Berkshire Industrial School 2-0. Then blessed with new suits they humbled Lenox School 2-0. One morning they must all have turned Republican or something for they handed the New Deal another setback in collaring the 127th CCC boys 2-1.

Four victories in four attempts. It was uncanny, positively unheard of. It must be looked into.

Playing Berkshire the next week something went wrong. Someone said no ice and

lack of practice resulted in bad luck. Well, anyway, it resulted in the score of 12-1. That one goal wasn't a gift either; Ray Gifford got it in the waning minutes while being rushed by two opponents but in sending the score to the papers they left that part out.

In a week P. H. S. had recovered sufficiently to defeat Dalton 7-0. But two weeks later the Black and Orange of Lenox drove the Purple and White against the boards 7-2 with only Kerrigan and Evans scoring.

That was the final game. There is no doubt that Coach Carmody did a fine job this year with his squad and next year with those suits one year older he may do better.

Of course it would be quite the thing if next year, when the team takes to the ice, you would give them your support. And that doesn't mean running around collecting ice like you would tinfoil, and, then on practice days, plugging up the Common with it; but go to the game. Every team likes support. You'll find hockey lots more exciting than football or basketball and having more unexpected thrills than baseball. Besides they have new suits.

WELL—WHY?

Bernard A. Williams

An article in the "Red and Black," the publication of Rogers High School, Newport, Rhode Island, has started us thinking about why people go to basketball games. Upon being questioned, one person said that he went because his girl went; another, because it didn't cost much; and still another, because it was a good way to spend an evening away from home. In an endeavor to get a real unbiased opinion we asked a total stranger just why he went to basketball games.

"Well," he said, "I have to go."

"Have to go," we echoed, "Why?"

"Well, you see," he said with biting sarcasm, "I'm a member of the team."

After this incident we decided that un-

(Continued on page 28)

RELAY CARNIVAL

The fourth annual F. M. T. A. invitation Relay Carnival, involving the Junior High Schools of Pittsfield, will take place at the Society home on Melville St. on the evening of April 4. This feature has risen to one of the foremost positions in interscholastic athletic activity in this city, and has in the past, furnished advance notice on the ability of several boys who have later appeared as members of Coach Carmody's track squad.

The "Robert F. Stanton Relay Trophy", emblematic of the city championship, will be defended by the speedsters of Crane Junior High against the usually strong challenges of Pontoosuc, Tucker, and Coach John Lyons' boys from Central. The latter school won the inaugural back in 1935, with Pontoosuc occupying the runner-up position; but 1936 saw the order reversed when the northenders, coached by Joseph Ryan and anchored by John Semeno, nosed out Central by a final score of 11-10 despite the fact that the Senior red and blue quartet, composed of R. Renzi, Janes, Coulter and Yarmey, set the track record of 1:02.8 and the Junior team, made up of DeLucas, Skowronski, Grady, and Ropielewski, circled the saucer in 33 seconds. Both of these marks withstood the assaults of last winter's competition which was headed by a well balanced Morningside team captained by John Cullen and reinforced by Angelo DiNicola, Sylvio Conte, Albert Polito, Ralph McCormack.

The Berkshire County Alumni Association of Holy Cross College will donate a trophy in memory of the Rev. John D. Wheeler, former Dean of Discipline, similar to the main prize, for the winning four in the special Junior Holy Name medley event. It should serve to bring out many fast boys with Pittsfield and St. Joseph's High Schools well represented in the entry lists.

Names famous to the indoor and outdoor track have dotted the special programs for the carnival with Charles "Doc" Seeley and

Anthony Plansky, former and present head coach at Williams College; "Bart" Sullivan, Head Coach of Holy Cross; Lawson Robertson, Olympic and Head Coach of Pennsylvania; Glenn Cunningham, world's mile record holder; and Gene Venske, his ancient rival, heading the imposing array of honorary officials.

The Society has enlarged considerably on arrangements since the premiere, and the practice of filming the final heats in the Junior, Intermediate, and Senior divisions which was started last March will be expanded so as to number the race for the Holy Cross Trophy which many think will eclipse in speed and interest the now well established senior final for the "Robert F. Stanton" cup.

The loud speaking unit will again be in operation under the direction of Edward J. McKenna of the High School faculty and the customary capacity crowd will be well informed on the results as Principal Charles C. Knight's boys under the coaching of James P. Reynolds and Lawrence F. Jacobs attempt to gain a second leg on that much sought relay prize indicative of Junior High School Relay supremacy.

ON WRITING POEMS

By Ruth Thorp

To write a poem is a bore,
There's nothing that I more abhor,
I've thought and thought day after day
But I can't find a thing to say.

If you have ever tried to write
About some fascinating sight
Perhaps you'll sympathize with me,
Because it's pretty hard you see.

And so my heart is filled with woe,
I might as well admit it's so;
I fear that I shall never be
A poet of ability.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By D. Douglas

SWIMMING

The Pittsfield High School girls certainly excelled in swimming this year. In fact, Pittsfield High School now has two Junior New England champs in its midst. Priscilla Gaylord, a junior and star backcrawler of P. H. S., on entering her second important swimming meet won the one hundred yard Junior New England backstroke title. Corrinne Duval, another junior and stellar breast-stroker of the Boys' Club and P. H. S., entered her first major meet as breast stroker on the medley relay team from Pittsfield, which won the three hundred yard Junior New England medley relay title. The other two members of this relay team were Helen Roark, Pittsfield's greatest girl swimmer, who did the backcrawl, and Mary Haughey, who did the crawl.

At last!! Pittsfield High's varsity swimming team came through and beat their life-long rival St. Joseph's. Captained by Corrinne Duval, and ably assisted by Priscilla Gaylord, Margaret Ward, Ruth Raynor, Mary Shelsey, Virginia Retallick, Mary and Anne Devanney, Loraine Dakin, Betty Wade, and Dorothy Douglas, Pittsfield High School won two closely fought meets which gave them the High School Championship for the season 1937-1938.

Fighting for the interclass championship, the Juniors came through triumphant by winning two out of three meets. The Juniors got off to a bad start by losing the first meet to the sophomores, but came back strongly to win the second and third meets. The victorious team was comprised of Capt. Dorothy Douglas, Mary Roberts, Mary Shelsey, Mary Devanney, Loraine Dakin, Lucille Coty, Dorothy Dressman, Edna Rosen, Ann Devanney.

TRACK

Another junior comes through! This time Mary Popp, a tall, long-legged athlete, stepped forward to take first place in the track meet. Among her other amazing exploits on the track field, Mary tied the Pittsfield High School girls high jump record of 4 ft. 7 in. set by Helen Naprava.

In second place was Marguerite St. Polley and in third, Nellie Spasyk.

THE EXHIBITION

The Girls' gym classes are working very hard perfecting their numbers for the Annual Girls' Exhibition to be given April 8 in the high school gymnasium. The exhibition is a pageant showing what each country has contributed to physical education.

BOYS' SPORTS

(Continued from page 26)

biased opinions could come from acquaintances as well—or better than—from a stranger.

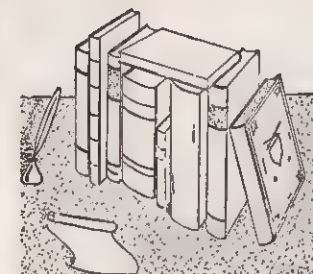
In order to get the women's side of the question we asked some girls and found one stuck on—pardon me—enamored of the guard "or someone," with rippling muscles and the features of Gable.

Another went to have fun fooling and talking with the boys—boy crazy or perhaps just plain crazy. Several boys and girls said they really went to see the game but they were greatly in the minority.

One teacher said he went because he liked all kinds of sports and it afforded a means of recreation.

This writer goes to the games to have a good time and always does.

It's too bad that we cannot get everyone's reason before this PEN goes to press, but think it over. Why do YOU go to basketball games?



Books on Parade

By Bette Dunn

The Trojan Horse, by Christopher Morley. Ages old is the legend of the Wooden Horse, older still is the story of Troilus' love for Cressida in the almost mythical city of Troy. But for the first time in history the story takes on a definitely modern twist.

"The Evening Trojan," the city's leading newspaper, finds it rather difficult to persuade the high priests that the broadcasting of daily news would be both progressive and beneficial. It, like all the good newspapers of the day, carries advertisements of radios, cosmetics and the latest clothes from Paris.

Somewhere in between the hubbub of broadcasts, newspapers and so forth, a wooden horse sneaks through the gates of Troy. No one fears the horse—though Cressida, having a strange and troubled dream about it, confides in her uncle, Pandarus, who, being like other enterprising bankers, sets forth to sell gas masks to the government in case of war. Cressida tells Uncle that she will use her influence at a patriotic rally to swing the feeling of the people to the side of the government if he provides her with an appropriate outfit for her coming divorce trial.

This book would be just another satire, with clever discourse and amusing incidents, were it not that throughout the story compassionate and human characters have been drawn. There are also many beautiful descriptions such as are seldom found in the sophisticated novel of today. Put *Trojan Horse* on your "must read" list.

Last Flight, by Amelia Earhart.

"Courage is the price that life expects for granting peace,

The soul that knows it not, knows no release
From little things:
Knows not the livid loneliness of fear
Nor mountain heights, where bitter joy can hear
The sound of wings."

Amelia Earhart wrote these words to assure herself courage and perseverance against a fate that offered no odds.

Early last year Miss Earhart made arrangements with Harcourt, Brace and Company in New York for the publication of a personal account of her round-the-world flight. She agreed to send back notations at every stopping point along the way, these to be combined with the initial chapters she had prepared before leaving. It is rather weird reading a book written, almost entirely in her own words, about the joy and wonders of a trip she was destined not to complete.

Last Flight is not only the story of a long and tedious journey, but a tale of a most fascinating personality to whom sincerity of purpose and the joy of living an experimental life seemed synonymous. She did not make the trip for publicity, as she has been so unjustly accused of doing, but to test human reactions to flying; to try to discover the stratosphere in which flyers may exist comfortably and make the greatest speed; what food is most successfully digested; how men and women differ in their reactions to air travel, and whether the plane of the future may be simplified in mechanism and perfected in safety.

That her flight was not completed makes her purpose no less praiseworthy.



HONOR STUDENTS

The following alumnae were named on the president's honor list at State Teacher's College, North Adams, at the end of the first semester of this year: Dorothy Stead, Mary Kidney, and Ruth Denison.

The list includes those who have not received ratings below B.

COEDS PLEDGED

Four co-eds at Massachusetts State College have been pledged to sororities, as follows: Gladys Fish, Phi Zeta; Thelma Lapp, Phi Zeta; Jean Phillips, Phi Zeta; and Evelyn Bergstrom, Lambda Delta Mu.

IN CONCERT

Betty Sharley, who has been outstanding in orchestral work with the Middlebury College Symphony orchestra, appeared with the group in a concert in Mead Memorial Chapel.

PLEDGED AT PURDUE

Charles Craven '37, a freshman at Purdue University, has been pledged to the Phi Pi Phi fraternity. He was presented with a pledge pin at a dinner.

COMMITTEE CHAIRMAN

Helen Gay was appointed chairman of tickets for two French play productions at Mount Holyoke College, given in Chapin auditorium.

VICE PRESIDENTS

Jean Phillips '36, has been elected vice president of the freshman class at Massachusetts State College.

SELECTED FOR ACADEMIC RATING

Dorothy Kolman is one of four sociology students at Woman's College, University of North Carolina, who have been selected for membership in the Greater University of North Carolina Chapter of Alpha Kappa Delta. The members were selected for high academic rating in sociology.

ELIGIBLE FOR WEST POINT

Francis Roberts, P. H. S. '35 has been named by Governor Hurley as one of four Massachusetts candidates eligible for final competition for appointment to West Point.

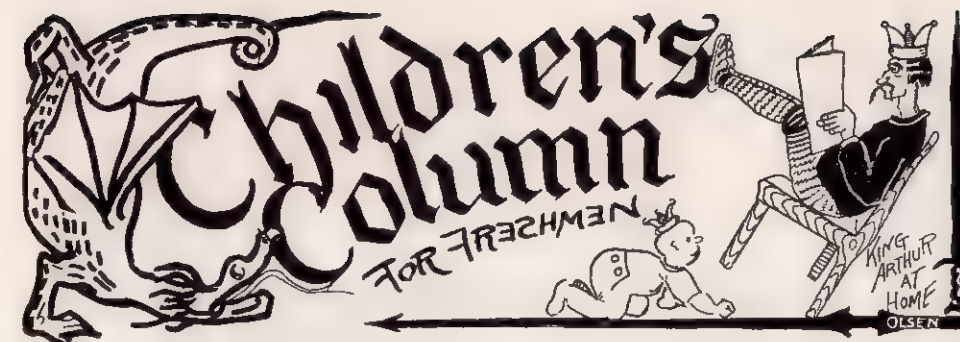
At the examination in Boston last month Francis had an average of 94 per cent. This month, along with contestants from the other states, he will submit to the final examinations. One-third of this group will receive appointments from President Roosevelt.

WORLD TRAVELER

Since his graduation from Pittsfield High in 1936, Jack Schofield has seen a great deal of the world. He went as cabin boy on the S. S. Virginia to California, going through the Panama Canal and stopping at Balboa, the San Diego Exposition, and Los Angeles. While in Los Angeles, he inspected the Los Angeles-Oakland Bridge.

Later, he went on the S. S. Manhattan to Europe. He visited Ireland, England, France, and Germany. While in Germany, he attended a dinner given for Hitler and shook hands with Der Fuehrer—an unusual privilege.

Jack is now studying at the University of Minnesota, taking the pre-medical course,



WHAT THE MOVIES MEAN TO A P. H. S. STUDENT

Souls at Sea—any classroom.

The Good Earth—coating of a student's neck, ears, etc.

High, Wide and Handsome—a football player.

The Hurricane—a speedy walking stick.

The Awful Truth—a report card.

Undercover Man—a man in bed.

Dead End—that part of the body known as the head.

Double or Nothing—a pair of trousers.

Roaring Timber—Charlie McCarthy.

Every Day's a Holiday—school life of a student.

"Pa," said Johnny, looking up from his composition, "is 'waterworks' all one word or do you spell it with a hydrant in the middle?"

HOID ON TOITY-TOID STREET:

"Papa, what's a vacuum?"

"A vacuum's a void, sonny."

"I know, papa, but vat's the void mean?"

The sophomores on the PEN staff are still looking for the Editor-in-Chief.

For their information I shall give them a hint. She happens to be a short redhead who is likely to pop up anywhere, at anytime.

Bright Senior A: "Is the doctor in?"

Nurse: "I'm his nurse."

Bright Senior A: "Oh, is the doctor sick too?"

In these days of constitutional controversies each girl wants to be some man's "grave constitutional crisis."

"I'll not dye for you," cried the red-head.

"Only blondes are wanted here," snapped back the casting director.

It was late when I got to the Armory and the Pittsfield-Adams game was well under way. I looked around for someone who might bring me up to date on the happenings and whispered to the girl next to me: "Whose game?" I noticed she seemed kind of fussed and hesitated, but then she leaned over and whispered, "I am."

BRAIN TEASERS

To gag is to choke or to joke

A house can burn up or down

After running a distance, do you slow up, or do you slow down?

A fire can burn out or go out?

YANKEE PHILOSOPHY

To be or not to be that is the question

To sleep or not to sleep that is insomnia

To talk or not to talk that is to stutter

To study or not to study—that is the difference between failure and success.

To do or not to do that is the mighty homework question.

To laugh or not to laugh that is at our jokes.

YOURS UNTIL OUR NEXT ISSUE.

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PUZZLES

By Friend Kierstead

2 EQUALS ONE!

- (1) If $2a = b$
- (2) $2a(a - b) = b(a - b)$ Multiplying by $a - b$
- (3) $2a^2 - 2ab = ab - b^2$ Multiplying out
- (4) $2a^2 - ab = 2ab - b^2$ Rearranging terms
- (5) $a(2a - b) = b(2a - b)$ Factoring
- (6) $a = b$ Dividing by $2a - b$
- (7) $2a = a$ Substituting $a = b$ in (1)
- (8) $2 = 1$ Dividing by a

COMPLETION PUZZLE

By putting U's in the correct places in the following jumble of letters and dividing it into words, a sentence can be formed:

NCLEJDP SHEDLCYPBTHGHJMPED
Just as a hint, the first word is "uncle".

MONEY CHANGING

A man once noticed that he had \$14.19 in his pockets, but couldn't change any bill or coin that might be offered him. What coins and bills did he have?

COIN MOVING

Place four nickels and four pennies in alternation on a table, as follows:

5 1 5 1 5 1 5 1

Then try taking two adjacent coins at once and moving them together to another position on the line so that after four moves all the nickels will be on one side and all the pennies on the other.

A CASE OF INSIGHT

Mr. Simpson met a friend whom he had not seen for many years. The friend said, "I married, shortly after I last saw you, someone you never knew. And this," presenting a young girl, "is my daughter. Her name is the same as her mother's." Mr. Simpson patted the child on the head and said, "I am glad to know you, Margaret," and resumed his conversation.

How did he know the child's name was Margaret?

A MAN OF BRAINS

A man was expecting a very important letter which did not arrive. Suddenly called to England, he admonished his wife to forward the letter to him in London immediately upon its arrival. After three weeks, his business done, he was ready to return home but did not dare to leave for fear that the letter he had expected in New York would cross him. So he cabled his wife, "Have not yet received the letter. Where is it?" The wife cabled back, "You took the key to the mail box with you."

The man, frantic because of the waste of time and exasperated with himself for being so stupid, enclosed the key in an envelope and sent it back to his wife, telling her he would wait for the letter. Several weeks passed and still no letter.

Why did it not arrive?

ANSWERS

COMPLETION PUZZLE: Uncle Jud pushed Lucy up, but Hugh jumped.

MONEY CHANGING: He had: One \$5; four \$2; one \$.50; one \$.25; four \$.10; four \$.01.

COIN MOVING:

5 1 5 1 5 1 5 1
 1 5 5 1 5 1 5 1
 1 5 5 1 5 5 1 1
 5 1 1 5 5 5 1 1
 5 5 5 5 1 1 1 1

A CASE OF INSIGHT:

The friend whom Mr. Simpson met was a woman whose name was Margaret.

A MAN OF BRAINS:

The letter did not arrive because the envelope containing the key was also put in the locked mail box.



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(We can't think what else rhymes
with Squeedunk)

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March - 1938

Charles F. Smith's Death Ends Long Musical Career

Funeral Services for Supervisor Of Music in Public Schools To Be Held Friday



CHARLES F. SMITH

"... It will be most difficult to
fill his place . . ."

The funeral of Charles Frost Smith, 68, well-known musician, for 32 years supervisor of music in the Pittsfield Public Schools, who died suddenly at his home, 53 Bartlett Avenue last evening, will be held at 2.30 Friday afternoon. The services, which will take place at the home, will be conducted by Rev. C. Russell Prewitt, pastor of the First Methodist Church. Burial will be in Pittsfield Cemetery under the direction of the Wellington Funeral Home.

Mr. Smith's death ended a 3 year period during which he and his father, Eli C. Smith, served as directors of music in the schools of Pittsfield. He succeeded his father upon the latter's retirement in 1906.

Directed Orchestra

Years ago Mr. Smith directed Smith's Orchestra which was in great demand all through this section in the days before the so-called new dances came in. Mr. Smith, himself, played the violin. No man had a wiser knowledge in all the fields of musical composition, extending through the classics of the great masters to the popular tunes of the period. He could not share the condemnation of "jazz" which he felt had its place in the musical world as indicative of a

*Pays Insurance
Premium, Closes
Door, Falls Dead*

Continued on Fourth Page

has not been decided as yet.

Smith Dead

Continued From First Page

mood and a certain form of expression which perhaps could be obtained in no other way. But it in no sense decreased his appreciation of and devotion to the better forms. He was a friend of Clarence J. Russell, at one time a member of the High School faculty, later cornetist and librarian in Sousa's band. A generation of school children remember Mr. Smith for his personal interest and his patience as well as his skill.

Stricken While Motoring

Mr. Smith was stricken ill at Chatham, N. Y. while motoring with his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Tobey of 31 Brunswick Street. The return trip to Pittsfield was made and shortly after arriving at his home Mr. Smith succumbed. Dr. Henry G. Mellen arrived just before Mr. Smith died and he said coronary thrombosis was the cause.

Talented Musician

Mr. Smith was an able, talented violinist. For many years, in addition to his activity as supervisor of music in the public schools, he had voice and violin pupils. A bass singer, he conducted the choir of the First Congregational Church, later the choir of the First Methodist Episcopal Church. At one time he was leading five choruses. He was tireless in his efforts and appreciative of the results obtained.

Among his accomplishments was the production of "The Messiah" and "Elijah" and other oratorios.

Directed School Orchestra

In recent years Mr. Smith had relinquished some of his musical activities and his only extra activity in addition to being supervisor of music was as conductor of the high school orchestra and band. He was concert master of the Old Symphony and conducted it at one time.

It was Mr. Smith who led the first community Christmas Eve carol sing at Park Square 25 years ago. From year to year the annual sing was held. Then for several years the event was omitted but it was renewed last Christmas.

For many years Mr. Smith was a bass soloist in the First Congregational Church choir.

Paid Tribute

During the early years of the Colonial Theatre Mr. Smith was in charge of music. He was formerly a member of the Kiwanis Club.

Superintendent of Schools Edward J. Russell said this morning the loss of Mr. Smith as a friend and as a supervisor was a distinct shock.

"The untimely death of Mr. Smith is not only a distinct personal loss but a severe loss to the Pittsfield public schools system as well," said Mr. Russell. "He has served the pupils for many years with conscientious fidelity and with marked success. It will be most difficult to fill his place."

Followed Father's Career

Mr. Smith was born in Waterbury, Center, Vt., Aug. 27, 1869, son of Eli C. and Abbie (Maxfield) Smith. Both his father and mother taught in the old academy in Waterbury. His father was a violinist and before coming to Pittsfield in 1884 conducted old time singing schools in Northern Vermont and New Hampshire. He was teaching music in Nashua, N. H., when he accepted the Pittsfield position. The father, who retired in 1906 and was succeeded by his son, died in 1923.

Studied Privately

No conservatory of music product. Mr. Smith learned his art from his father and from some of the more prominent masters of the violin and the voice. He studied the violin under Franz Kneisel and Bernardt Listerman and voice under Ivan Morawski, W. J. Winch, Albin R. Reed and George L. Osgood. His knowledge of music was almost unlimited.

Surviving Mr. Smith is his second wife, Mrs. Mary W. Smith, a daughter, Mrs. Mabelle A. Smith, a son, Maxfield M. Smith, both of this city, a son Douglas W. Smith of Versailles, Conn., four grandchildren, and a sister, Mrs. John D. Smith of Daytona Beach, Fla. Mr. Smith's first wife, who was Miss Idella Anderson of Monson, died in 1922.